

PING PONG POETRY

The poems go flying along
like ping pong balls over
a Chinaman's net.

-- Paul Gittleson

Taipei, Taiwan

AND SHE

and when, she said, when there is
little
connecting what I have said to you
w/how you respond

the Absolute
walks in,
casting into the gap
his death
eating grin,
seats himself
beside us.

He

is willing to wait it out.

SNOWFALLS

& someone
has to bring
in wood,
someone has to cart out
ashes.